TOWPATH MISSION WORK.

What a Woman Is Doing for Canal Boatmen's Children.

The Unpretentious Red Brick Building Near Georgetown and What Is Being Done There—A Unique School With No Regular Hours.

With a little wooden cross, and the verse, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and heavy laden are, and I will give you rest," above the door, there stands a little red brick building on the towpath of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal above Aqueduct Bridge. It is the Towpath Mission. Since its establishment, over seven years ago, Mrs. S. E. L. Saffold has been its whole spirit. Under her tutelege many children whose homes are the craft which ply the murky waters of the canal have learned to read and to write, and the greater lessons of Christian love.

There is no other school like it in Washington. There are no set rules and no definite hours. The cry from the towpath, "Hurry up, Maggie, your boat's goin' out," is often the signal for dismissal of a pupil whose lesson in reading or in writing has just begun, or whose fingers are just beginning to guide a thread and needle accurately.

Mrs. Saffold is a life-long Washingtonian. A sculpturess of unusual ability, she abandoned art a number of years ago for work among the poor. The children whose parents came from sunny Italy, but who were being reared within sight of the big dome of the Capitol, were her first charges. Many an Italian boy and girl was saved from immorality through the efforts of Mrs. Saffold. But the chance sight of the unfilled field for Christian work among the children of the canal caused her to turn her attention that way. Now there is not a family living along the canal road which does not know of the woman who has done so much for the children of the hard-working canal boat people. No matter how cold or disagreeable the weather, Mrs. Saffold never misses her tri-weekly visits to the mission.

Like many another place out Georgetown way, the building which houses the mission is very old and has a history. Built before the war of 1812, it was the office of a foundry where cannon balls were made to be sent at hostile British redcoats from American field pieces. The foundry, an ugly building of white stone, still stands below at the foot of the hill, which slopes from the towpath to the river road. And when came the "piping times of peace," and the canal, then to commerce what the great railroad now is, was constructed, grist was turned from the grain of Maryland and Virginia farmers, and the office was the shipping station, where the product was loaded.

The mill operated more or less industriously until about eighteen years ago. Then it was abandoned and stood vacant until Mrs. Saffold began to look for a place where she could teach the canal children. But lack of shelter did not deter her. The first Sunday school was held one Sabbath in the shade of a huge tree, which grows beside the old mill. A house on the hill which overlooks the canal was suggested, but it was found the clannishness of the canal people prevented the children from coming so far from the boats. So finally the little building only a step from the towpath was fixed upon, and Mrs. Saffold set to work and made it habitable.

But it is not alone the children who are benefited by the mission. Mrs. Saffold always has a large stock of reading matter on hand. Magazines, the best published, she gives out to the boats as they pass her door. The canal boat people are a hard-working class. Their duties are arduous, but they appreciate the literature. Just above the mission is the viaduct passing beneath the canal. The mules there cross from one towpath up to the canal road, while the boats pass through the Georgetown locks. The clanking of the chains as the animals are unhitched is the signal for the keeper of the mission. She takes a handful of magazines, and, running to the boat, hands them to those on board.

Three afternoons in the week the school is held, and on Sunday afternoon there is Sunday school. All of these are well attended. In the school the pupils range in age from eighteen months to as many years. Once there was a young girl in her teens who attended the school with her child in arms, a baby of three months, but that was the youngest member the mission ever had. Mrs. Saffold is assisted in the work by her daughter, and the progress made by their pupils is unusually rapid.

There is a kindergarten system, but one unlike the Froebel method is brought into play. If the children are old enough to grasp ideas firmly they are taught to read at the outset, and the progress which some of them make is remarkable. The younger ones are given something to do by which they will learn some lesson. Lessons in sewing are more than popular, and often the children will be loth to cease their tasks when the hour comes for lessons to end.

A favorite method of instruction with Mrs. Saffold is through the Bible. A verse is selected and the children made thoroughly familiar with its meaning. Then it is taken up in sections. If any city or country is mentioned, maps are brought out and the children are shown just where the city or country lies on the globe. If any people are referred to the pupils do not pass the subject by until they learn something of that nation or race. If the verse emphasizes any great moral truth the entire meaning and significance of the sentiment is impressed upon the boys and girls. The Bible verses are printed on colored cards, and Mrs. Saffold has, by cleverly combining several, produced very effective rhymes. The children remember the verses better if there is a little jingle in the couplet.

When Mrs. Saffold started the school there was no little objection to her on the part of some of the canal people. But her sympathy soon won them over, and now the mothers are more than anxious that their children shall spend in the mission the hours they might otherwise put in in playing around the river front and perhaps forming bad habits and cultivating evil associates. The little house on the towpath is seldom passed by without a second glance, for all of its insignificant appearance.

The cross above the door is the first thing that catches the eye. Then the inscription on the board below. It is necessary for one on the canal road to walk close to the wall which overhangs the canal if one wants to make out the scriptural verses. The cross leads often to the impression that the mission is a part of Georgetown University, the towers of which grace the hill above. That it is a sort of shrine for wayfarers is a half-formed impression it gives to the non-informed.

It was not long ago that a detachment of artillery came over the Aqueduct bridge and clanking along the road opposite the mission house. One of the men at the head of the column gazed closely at the house, and, reading half aloud the verse, attracted the attention of his comrades. After that the field pieces and caissons passed a little closer to the edge of the road, and the repetition of the words as the soldiers read the inscription could be heard above the rumbling of the wheels and the clatter of the horses' hoofs on the dusty road.

There used to be a little box just outside the door, and under a cover, placed to protect it from the rain, was chained in place a little Bible. But one day somebody stole the book. It was not for the Bible itself the theft was made, but for the bit of chain. The Bible was torn and found lying in the weeds, its well thumbed pages showing how many had stopped in passing along the towpath long enough to read a verse or two.

A CONCEPTION OF ANARCHY.

Measuring the Extremes of Idealism and Savagery.

There are two kinds of anarchy—the anarchy of individual idealism, which needs no government by force, and the anarchy of murder, which would assassinate all rulers and remove all restraint upon the lawless instincts of mankind. The anarchy of murder is the noisier and better known, and few people realize that the word anarchy can be anything but a synonym for violent crime.

A disciple of the gentler kind of anarchy describes it as a belief in the greatest amount of liberty consistent with equality of liberty. That excludes government as the term is generally understood, meaning the subjection of the non-invasive individual to a will not his own. The State is looked upon as the embodiment of government in an individual or set of individuals assuming to act as representatives or masters of the entire people within a given area. In so governing, the State is alleged to violate the equality of liberty, and ideal anarchy would therefore abolished the State.

To ask an Anarchist what he would substitute for government, says an advocate of the theory, is like asking a free trader what he would substitute for the tariff. It may be observed, however, that anarchism does not exclude under this definition the right of the individual himself against agression or the right of individuals to organize on a purely voluntary basis for such defence.

This theory may appeal to the idealist as something very pretty, but to the coarser being, who does not know the difference between liberty and license, and would greatly prefer license if the distinction could be discerned, Anarchy appeals as a religion of vengeance and unbridled passion. That the mill town of Paterson, N. J., with its heterogeneous population, should breed a nest of Anarchists is, therefore, nothing strange.

The general rules by which Anarchists are guided—they object to the word "governed"—throughout the world are understood to be the same and impress an outsider as being more inconsiderate of individual liberty, the alleged foundation stone of Anarchy, than the Government of Russia, Turkey, or Zululand.

The orthodox Anarchists must recognize no country and no law. They must not permit any division among themselves. They are to recognize no judicial tribunals other than a tribunal of honor named by themselves. The decrees of this tribunal are irrevocable. The Anarchists form a close body. Each one, at the peril of his life, must defend his companions. They are to look upon the social revolution as the first and highest of their obligations. They must repudiate every revolutionary movement which does not have the destruction of capital as its direct object. No Anarchist dare decline to accomplish the mission instructed to him unless physically incapacitated. In this case he is replaced by another comrade. No Anarchist is allowed to exercise a public function without the authorization of the assembly, or to take part in a foreign manifestation in the interest of the cause without the same permission. His only care should be the revolution. All Anarchists should be personally acquainted with one another. Anarchists are to keep no political secrets from one another. They are not to become members of other associations unless in the hope of discovering secrets interesting to anarchism or to unveil the actions of a false comrade allied with the bourgeisie. This last will be considered one of the most important services to be rendered to the cause.

One of the leading Anarchists of the higher class is Benjamin R. Tucker, of New York, a man of education and refinement, who is, of course, opposed to the murderous element. In Mr. Tucker's opinion there are some 300,000 persons in this country in sympathy with the Anarchist tendency, although the number of avowed avowed "plumb liners" is quite small. These Anarchists support quite a literature, and their publications have always been admitted to the United States mails without question. It is estimated that about $400,000 is now invested in publishing plants devoted to the propaganda of anarchy. Various attempts have been made to exclude these publications from the United States mails, but hitherto the Anarchists have been able to exert influence enough to prevent such action.—London Advertiser.

PERILS OF AN AERONAUT.

In Danger From the Assaults of Riotous Parisians.

Count Henry de la Vaulx, the well-known French aeronaut, who proposes shortly to endeavor to cross the Mediterranean in a balloon, had a novel experience last evening, when he was forced to alight with his aerostat in the city of Paris. He says it was the most exciting descent he has ever made. The treatment he received would have only half surprised him had it taken place on the Russian plains, where the inhabitants are somewhat wild, but in the most civilized capital in the world it greatly shocked him.

The count thus relates his adventure. He left the Clichy Gasworks at 5 o'clock in the evening in his balloon Le Reve, having a lady and gentleman friend on board as passengers. They attained an altitude of about 1,500 metres, but could not find a current of air sufficiently strong to carry them over Paris. At one time they were above the Vincennes Wood, but the balloon then began to drift back toward the Paris Opera House. As the count had no desire to descend in the heart of the city, where innumerable gas lamps would be alight, he opened the safety valve, and the ground was reached near the Moulin des Pres. Some well-disposed persons seized the guide rope which he threw out, and the descent seemed as though it would take place under most favorable circumstances.

But as the car neared the earth the aspect of things changed. A crowd had by this time gathered. All wished to attain the car and so have claim to recompense. The pushing and shoving gave way to blows. Women were trampled on, and then one man who got too near the safety valve was rendered insensible by the escaping gas. This set the crowd against the aeronauts. Cries of "Assassins!" were raised, and the outlook seemed grave, especially as some of the crowd began to throw lighted matches at the balloon. Had an explosion taken place Count de la Vaulx says that many would have been killed. Finally, with the help of the police and a few sensible persons the count was able to reach a neighboring residence, where he was offered shelter. For a long time the mob stood outside shouting, and police protection was required when he left in a carriage two hours later. The count says he has made numerous descents in Hungary, Russia, and Germany, but he has never experienced such treatment as at the hands of the Parisian rabble.—The London Daily News.

STORY OF THE FIRECRACKER

How They Are Made in China for American Consumption.

Entire Families Engaged in Their Manufacture—Pitifully Small Wages Paid—One Year's Exports to This Country. 26,705,733 Pounds.

As the Fourth of July approaches, the juvenile fancy exults in anticipation of the delight afforded by that small but obtrusive article—the firecracker. This delight may be said to be confined exclusively to children and youths, and is hardly shared by the older members of society, who like to sleep in the mornings, to drive in the evenings, and object to having the digits of their tender offspring blown off by injudicious use of these combustibles.

The Chinese are responsible for firecrackers, and great quantities of those articles find their way into this country every year from the Flowery Kingdom. There were exported in one year 26,705,733 pounds of firecrackers from China, the greater portion of which were shipped to this country. It is estimated that on or about this forthcoming Fourth of July considerably over five millions of crackers will lend their vociferous aid in expressing the patriotism of the nation. The value of the average yearly export of these little noisemakers is computed by the Chinese imperial customs at a sum equaling about a million and a half of American money in gold. The export this year will, from all indications, prove an exception, because of the disturbances in China.

The exports represent but a small fraction of the amount manufactured and used in China. There are no large manufactories. The crackers are made in small houses and in the shops where they are sold. In the latter places the proprietor of the shop, his wife (or wives), and children do the work. No record is kept of the number made and sold, and no estimate is possible of their cost.

The use of crackers is universal in China, and has been as far back as history records. It is most probable that in the beginning they were used to frighten away evil spirits. Now they are most frequently an expression of good feeling or of ceremonious compliment. They are used at weddings, births, and funerals, at festivals, religious, civil, and military ceremonies, at New Year, to salute persons about to make a jo[illegible], and, in fact, on all occasions out of the ordinary routine.

In making firecrackers, only the cheapest kind of straw paper, which can be produced in the immediate locality where the crackers are made, is used for the body of the cracker. A little finer paper is used for the wrapper. A piece of straw paper, 9x30 inches, will make twenty-one crackers one and one-half inches long, and one-fourth of an inch in diameter. The powder is also of the cheapest grade, and is made in the locality where used. It costs 150 to 175 cash per catty, or 6 to 7 cents gold per pound.

For the fuse a paper (called "leather" in Shanghai) is used which is imported from Japan and is made from the inner lining of the bamboo. In other places a fine rice paper is used, generally stiffened slightly with buckwheat flour paste, which, the Chinese say, adds to its inflammability. A strip of this paper one-third of an inch wide by fourteen inches (a Chinese foot) long, is laid on a table and a very little powder put down the middle of it with a hollow bamboo stick. A quick twist of the paper makes the fuse ready for use. An eye-witness thus describes the entire process of manufacture.

"The straw paper is first rolled by hand around an iron rod, which varies in size according to the size of cracker to be made. To complete the rolling, a crude machine is used. This consists of two uprights supporting an axis, from which is suspended by two arms a heavy piece of wood, slightly convex on the lower side. There is just room between this swinging block and the top of the table to place the cracker. As each layer of paper is put on by hand, the cracker is placed on the table and the suspended weight is drawn over the roll, thus tightening it until no more can be passed under the weight. For the smallest "whip" cracker the woodman uses for compression, instead of this machine, a heavy piece of wood, fitted with a handle like that of a carpenters' plane. In filling crackers, two hundred to three hundred are tied together tightly in a bunch. Red clay is spread over the end of the bunch and forced into the end of each cracker with a punch. The powder is poured in at the other end of the cracker. With the aid of an awl the edge of the paper is turned in at the upper end of the cracker, and the fuse inserted through this.

"The long ends of the fuses are braided together in such a way that the crackers lie in two parallel rows. The braid is doubled on itself and a large quick-firing fuse inserted, and the whole is bound with a fine thread. The bundle is wrapped in paper, and in this shape sent to the sea coast.

"A variety of cracker I do not remember to have seen in the United States," continues the narrator, "but which is popular in China, is the 'twice-sounding.' It has two chambers separated by a plug of clay, through which runs a connecting fuse. There is also a fuse extending from the powder in the lower chamber through the side of the cracker. When the cracker is to be fired it is set on end and fire set to the fuse. The powder exploding in the chamber throws the cracker high in the air, where the second charge is exploded by fire from the fuse extending through the plug between the two chambers. In the manufacture of these the clay is first tamped in with a punch to form the separate plug. The lower chamber is then loaded with powder and closed by turning over the paper at the end. The upper chamber is loaded and closed with clay. A hole is punched in the side of the lower chamber with an awl, and the fuse inserted through this opening."

At Canton the ordinary-sized cracker (one and one-half inches long by one-fourth of an inch in diameter) costs 1 tael (62 cents) for 10,000 for export. At Hankow the best quality of this size costs 1 tael for 5,000, while of the second quality 20,000 can be bought for 1 tael. At Chungking 15,000 of the ordinary crackers can be bought for 1 tael. At Shanghai 1 tael will purchase 5,000 of the ordinary size, while the largest sell for $5 per thousand. These prices are probably only a shade above the actual cost of manufacture. The small manufacturers sell to Chinese compradores, who buy as agents of foreign firms and ship the crackers in bundles to the seacoast, where they are packed in boxes, which cost about 4 taels ($2.50) per hundred, and hold 250,000 firecrackers.

Apart from the fact that all the material used is native, and produced where the crackers are manufactured, and that transportation does not enter into the cost, the wonderful cheapness of manufacture is accounted for by the kind of labor used and the wages paid. The items of cost of plant and interest on it are eliminated by the fact that the crackers are made in the homes of the workmen and in the shops where they are sold. The hours of labor are from 6 a. m. to 11 p. m., and there are seven working days in each week. Four-fifths of the crackers consumed in China are made by the families of those who sell them; these people, of course, receiving no wages. Of the paid work, a very large proportion is done by women and children, who are paid by the piece.

It is estimated that thirty women and ten men can make 100,000 crackers per day, for which work the women will receive 5 cents each and the men about 7 cents each. An apprentice is bound for four years, and during that time receives only his board. At the end of that period he will receive, if he is a fairly good workman, 150 cash per day, or 7 cents in United States money. An expert at the trade receives 200 cash per day, or 10 cents gold. Workmen at this trade receive about the average rate of wages paid for common labor in this section of China. The trade is considered unhealthy and dangerous, and therefore not desirable.

CHRIST'S LIFE IN WOOD.

The Work of Twenty-seven Years With a Pocket Knife.

To illustrate the life of Christ in wood with only one tool, and that tool a pocket knife, twenty-seven years of John O'Donnell's life were required. He has finished the work. It stands in his home, at 129 East Fourth South Street, a marvel of ingenuity and an example of patience and perseverance the equal of which may not be found in history. There are more than 150 lifelike figures, each one of which was carved by hand out of a solid block of wood. The whole, in its frame, represents three years' actual whittling. It is called "The Crib at Bethlehem."

Mr. O'Donnell, who is of the Catholic faith, lived in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1874, during which year he did his first piece of work on the subject. He was a student of the Bible and had longed for the ability to paint such scenes as the Scriptures suggested to his mind. But he was not an artist. The only work he had ever engaged in was wood carving. It was after he had whittled out a little white altar that the whole passion picture suggested itself, and from that day to the present every hour of his spare time has been put into the work. He used only common pocket knives, wearing out fifteen in the twenty-seven years he was at work. Many a time the sharp blade slashed his fingers or hand, Mr. O'Donnell says, and on many occasions, after working all day on a piece of wood, he would see it fall and break. Instead of picking it up and dashing it against the floor on the other end, he would at such trying moments conclude it was out of order and pick up another block. This was the disposition that the accomplishment of such a piece of work called for. It required the patience of Job.

A description falls short of conveying a correct idea of the work, and it will not convey any of the spirit and enthusiasm which prompted the author to accomplish his task.

The whole is enclosed in a cabinet representing a church, which stands about three feet high, is four feet long, and two feet wide. The first group of figures is in a smaller church on the inside, and describes the birth of the Saviour. The infant is seen with its mother and foster father at the manger, while the three wise men are making their offerings, and the shepherds, the ass, and the ox are shown. The flight into Egypt, with the mother and child seated upon the ass, while Joseph leads the animal, is represented. The Last Supper is described by thirteen figures seated around a table, and Jesus is standing as though addressing his apostles. Christ is shown again washing the feet of his apostles. The capture and trial of Jesus are depicted with minuteness, even to the kiss of betrayal.

The scourging at the pillars and the placing of the crown of thorns upon the Saviour's head are other pictures. The journey to Calvary is followed out, and Simon of Cyrene is shown taking the cross from the Saviour when he falls under its weight. The Crucifixion is represented by several groups of figures. The piercing of his side, the offering of the sponge of vinegar, the nailing of Jesus to the cross, and the removal of the body by St. Joseph, Nicodemus, Mary Magdalene, and John; the ascension, and the descent of the Holy Ghost to the apostles are among the other scenes represented. There are many others not here enumerated, but each important event in the life of the Saviour is given place.

The figures are from three to nine inches in height. Some are in hardwood and others are in lighter material. They are all varnished or painted, and will exist long after the author is dead and gone. Mr. O'Donnell intends to leave his work to some one who will appreciate it. It never entered his mind to sell it or part with it for remuneration, but he has spent all his time and labor out of pure love for the subject. He has lived in Salt Lake for the past eleven years.—Salt Lake Herald.

SUPERSTITION ON THE SEA.

A Bark Twice Hoodooed on a Single Voyage.

A fleet of sugar vessels has made port and the refineries should now have enough of the raw material to keep them going for a few weeks. Over 10,000 tons of the sweet stuff came in on the fleet. The best run was made by the four-masted bark Falls of the Clyde, and Captain Matson says if it had not been for a hoodoo he would have made port three days ago.

"We made a splendid run of twelve days to Hilo," said the Clyde's jolly master, "and I fully expected to come home in thirteen days or less. The crew swears we would have done it, too, had it not been for three hoodoos. First, we sailed on a Friday. Jack passed that over until he counted noses and found we had thirteen passengers aboard. Then the men swore by Neptune that there would be trouble before the voyage was over.

"Three days out from Hilo a hawk came aboard and stayed with the ship for four days. How the bird got so far out to sea is a mystery. We were all of 700 miles from land, and that is a long fly, even for a hawk. When the sailors saw the bird they felt better, and said it had been sent to take away the hoodoo. For four days the bird stayed around, and during that time I never had better sailing weather in my life. Every stitch of canvas drew, and for ninety-four hours the men never took a pull on a brace. Then one night the hawk disappeared, and for a week we had baffling winds that would have made a saint swear. What became of the bird is a mystery, but maybe he flew to some other vessel of the sugar fleet.

"With the disappearance of the hawk all the men's superstitions came back, but everything moved along quietly until last Saturday night, when a gale came up in a few minutes. A big sea flooded the decks. Before the men could get hold of the braces the pressure of the sail broke the foretopgallant yard in the sling, one of the lower topsails split, a jib was blown out of the bolt ropes, and I was nearly washed out of the jigger rigging. I was aloft looking for the Farallone light when the wave climbed around me and gave me a soaking from which my clothes are still wet. It blew so hard that under topsails we were making ten knots, so I had to heave the ship to, and wait for morning. The men are satisfied now. They knew that three hoodoos meant some mishap, and Saturday night's breeze has convinced them they were right."—The San Francisco Call.

STORIES OF WAR HORSES.

True Tests of Their Courage on the Field of Battle.

General Buell's Anecdote of His Vicious Thoroughbred Red Oak—Butler's Brace of Fine Horses—President Lincoln on a Runaway.

We do not know how truly courageous the horse is until he has been tried in the fiery crucible of war. A war test means forced marches, sleepless nights, scanty supplies of food, faintness from thirst, the thunderous shock of arms, ghastly piles of dead and dying, and the sickly smell of blood. It is a test from which the boldest often shrink and, therefore, the horse that proudly carries his rider through the fierce storm of battle challenges our warmest admiration.

In scenes of suffering and danger the horse, as a rule, is not less heroic than man. Those who have supported light artillery in a hot engagement, and have seen how bravely the horse stands among the smoke, the deafening thunder, and the leaden hail, when his mate has been shot down at his side, will never forget the picture, and they will never speak sneeringly of the equine courage.

"On the stubbornly contested field of Shiloh, when the fierce onslaught was made on the Federal left, when shells were screeching like fiery demons in the air, when Minie balls were whistling and falling thickly as hail from a black summer cloud, when the defiant Confederate yell blended savagely with the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry, when men were falling like leaves from a tree stricken with frost, when the ground was wet with blood and the air charged with death, when the last line was giving way before the murderous fire, the scarred battleflags of the foe already in sight trembling on the verge of one dark and broad sulphurous cloud of smoke, we saw General Buell, astride his noble horse dash into the thickest of the fight, deserted by his staff, and with gleaming sword rally the breaking line and snatch victory from the very jaws of defeat, and as we witnessed the thrilling scene, we scarcely knew which to admire the most, the reckless indifference to death or the gallantry of the horse and the man. The courage exhibited by both bordered on the sublime. No poltroon would have ventured into that hotbed of storm and danger, and the horse was as calm as the hand and iron will that guided him."

The above description of Gen. Carlos Buell and his famous war horse Red Oak was written long ago by one who saw them on the second day of the battle of Shiloh. The general, in writing to the author of this series of papers, says: "I suppose it is a fact that a horse which I rode during the rebellion acquired a considerable degree of notoriety within the limit of his acquaintance, as one might say. Not, however, for the generous traits that are usually ascribed to the war horse; but for his vicious behavior, as well, perhaps, as for his endurance and good looks. He was a thoroughbred, a bright, handsome sorrel, sixteen hands high, six years old, and came to me with the name of Red Oak. He had been on the turf and made a reputation of unmanageableness on the course. I was not aware of his uncivil qualities when I bought him, but I was soon made acquainted with them. Nevertheless, I continued to use him to the exclusion of a horse of better disposition, having an idea savoring somewhat of conceit that a good master can reform a bad horse. It succeeded to a considerable extent, but he was refractory under fire and unsafe to the last. He was dangerous to any horse and rider that came alongside of him, so that on the march he was generally allowed the largest part of the road.

"Once, when tied to the picket line, he broke the arm of a passing soldier who innocently came within the reach of his heels. On another occasion, when he was being brought out for me to mount, he stopped, and, with his ears laid back, deliberately lay down, evidently to rid himself of the rider. The proceeding was so much milder than his usual way of showing dissatisfaction that it seemed like a well-meant warning to the groom, who had probably never mounted him before, and for whom constant association had given him a friendly feeling. I parted with him when I left the Army of the Ohio. His new master was duly warned about him, but was thrown and seriously hurt the first time—which was the last time—of mounting him. Red Oak was then turned over to the Quartermaster's Department and had probably to make some atonement for his pranks.

"This, my dear General Wilson, is not, perhaps, the kind of horse that should have a place in your series, and you will readily perceive that I do not introduce him to you for that purpose. I could, however, tell you of a horse that I rode in the Mexican War entirely unlike Red Oak in temper, and deserving of the highest eulogium—a Kentucky thoroughbred, six years old at the beginning of the war, spirited and intelligent, beautiful in style, kind in disposition, and totally undisturbed by the noise and excitement of battle. But the war horse of literature is not supposed to have any connection with the station of a young lieutenant. We had been firm friends for nearly four years when I lost him at sea on the voyage from Tampico to Vera Cruz, the sailing vessel on which he was shipped being kept out twenty days by stress of weather, during which Decatur died.

BRAVE UNDER HIS RIDER.

"In striking contrast to him in temperament, but still worthy to be honored, was a horse owned by the adjutant of my regiment, Lieutenant Irwin, who was killed on him in the battle of Monterey. This horse was also a thoroughbred, splendid in battle, under the rider, but when brought to a stand and unmounted, he seemed completely unnerved and trembled as though he would fall to the ground.

"You will doubtless think that I am giving you more horse history than you asked for. The excuse must be that you have touched a tender spot in my appreciation of our animal companions. It seems to me that I have been on horseback all my life, and I esteem the use and management of a spirited horse under the saddle as most exhilarating and health-giving, as well as the most adorning physical exercise to which man or woman can resort. I am now riding a horse that I have had for nineteen years—a son of the famed Lexington of Alexander stock fame. He is nearly twenty-three years old, and has still the spirit and appearance of a young horse; but he has never been touched by harness, and has lead an easy and comfortable life."

General Buell's daughter, writing in March, 1900, of Cairo, as he is called, says that after her father's death Bishop McCloskey took care of him, and still continues to do so most faithfully, also stating that Cairo is still as active as a colt. He is believed to be the only survivor of the many sons of Lexington.

When in command of the Army of the James, Gen. Benjamin F. Butler was the owner of two powerful war horses, both about sixteen hands. One of these was a superb stallion called Ebony, the other a spirited sorrel named Warren. In March, 1864, Butler's command was to be reviewed by the President, who rode Ebony, while Butler was mounted on his other favorite, Warren. Whether Lincoln's horse was excited by the artillery, the inspiring notes of military bands, the enthusiastic cheers of the crowds of spectators, or from some other unknown cause, he bolted and not even the great strength of the President could control the maddened charger, as faster and faster he dashed along the front of the army, the general and his staff vainly endeavoring to overtake and stop the black stallion in his wild course. At length an orderly, discovering Lincoln's danger, and being mounted on an old race horse with a record of great speed, put spurs to him, and, lying almost flat upon the horse's neck, speedily came to the front and, amid the wildest cheering from the thousands present, overtook the runaway, seized the bridle and the President was saved from a fate that might have been even more serious than that which befell Grant at New Orleans in the previous September. Lincoln's lost hat, trampled under foot by the horses of the pursuing cavalcade of generals with their staffs, was replaced by an army cap and the review closed without further incident.

Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks, an accomplished horseman, possessed two beautiful bay chargers while in command of the Department of the Gulf. When General Grant visited New Orleans in September, 1863, a review of the Thirteenth Corps, recently arrived from Vicksburg, was held in his honor. Banks rode his greatest favorite, Shenandoah, purchased in Virginia, and Grant was mounted on his other horse, Charlie, who had been wounded in the battle of Cedar Mountain, August, 1862.

A GREAT SOLDIER'S MISHAP.

After the review the above officers, with their staffs and many others, including Lorenzo Thomas, the Adjutant General of the United States Army, then organizing regiments of colored troops in Louisiana, were invited by a wealthy planter to a luncheon party. Before the entertainment was concluded a trial of speed on the shell road was arranged by General Thomas between Grant, mounted on Charlie, and a young cavalry colonel, who was the owner of a Kentucky thoroughbred bay called Donna. As they sped along neck and neck, on the Carrolton road, the riders, in turning a sharp bend of the road, came suddenly face to face with an approaching train, which, together with a shriek of the locomotive, caused the spirited Charlie to swerve from his course, throwing the general over his head.

This unfortunate accident confined Grant to his bed for several weeks, and, perhaps, was in a measure responsible for the defeat of the Northern Army at Chickamauga, when otherwise he would have arrived in season to avert the disaster that overtook the Union forces commanded by General Rosecrans. As soon as the general was able to move about on crutches he proceeded to Chattanooga, and soon relieved that beleagured town by gaining a great victory over General Bragg. For two months after his fall, Grant could not walk without the aid of a cane and crutch.

At the close of the civil war Charlie was brought to the North and for many years was kindly cared for at the Massachusetts home of General Banks, in Waltham, where he died and was buried. The beautiful Virginia bay enjoys the unique distinction of being the only horse among many score that he mounted that ever unseated the illustrious soldier, Grant, who was noted for his consummate riding in boyhood, and as a cadet at the United States Military Academy of the class of '43, of which there are now (1901) but three survivors—Deshon, French, and Franklin.

TWICE WOUNDED IN ACTION.

The favorite war horse of the hero of Gettysburg was raised in the West. Baldy, who was a bay with a white face and feet, saw his first service at the battle of Bull Run, where he received two wounds. He was ridden at that time by Col. David Hunter. Having entirely recovered from his injuries, he was purchased by General Meade in the following September. Baldy was shot, though not badly hurt, in the second battle of Bull Run, and was wounded through the neck at Antietam, but this also proved to be slight, and he soon recovered. He received his last and most serious wound in the afternoon of July 2, 1863, in the battle of Gettysburg.

General Meade had just ridden to the front of the left centre of the long battle line as the re-enforcements were being hurried forward to the support of that part of the army, when a bullet passed through the right pantaloon leg of Meade, as well as the flaps of the saddle, and then into Baldy's body between the ribs, where it remained. When shot, the steed came to a standstill and staggered a little, but very soon recovered. He could not, however, be induced to go forward, and endeavored to turn away to the rear; no amount of coaxing or urging on the part of his master could induce him to move on. The general, dismounting, remarked: "Baldy is finished this time, for it is the first occasion that he ever refused to go under fire." He was then led to the rear, Meade being supplied with another charger.

In the hope that Baldy would recover, he was kept until the following spring, though the general was never able to ride him again. Just before the Army of the Potomac crossed the Rapidan he was sent to Philadelphia, and soon after placed in charge of Capt. Samuel Ringwalt, of Downington, Pa., who had served under General Meade in the early days of the war, and who knew all about Baldy. He remained under his care until the war closed, when his master returned to Philadelphia to find his favorite horse fully recovered and in as good condition as ever. He used him constantly for several years, until, from long service and advancing age, he became unsafe as a saddle horse.

Baldy was then presented to a friend in Montgomery County, who took the best of care of him until his death, in December, 1882, when he was believed to be thirty years of age. His last service was in November, 1872, when he was present in the hero's funeral cortege, following the remains of his old master to their resting place, in Laurel Cemetery, Philadelphia, near the grave of Commodore Isaac Hull.

After Baldy's death, his head and neck and fore-hoofs were secured and are now cherished relics of the George C. Meade Post, No. 1, Department of Pennsylvania, G. A. R. At its headquarters in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, may be seen the head, handsomely mounted on an ebony shield, with a record of wounds emblazoned on either side; also two hoofs of Baldy, finished in gold and the shoes of silver, preserved on glass-covered ebony brackets.—Gen. James Grant Wilson in "Our Animal Friends."

THE HALF-PENNY MERCHANT.

Dutch Coin Venders Who Earn Ten Per Cent Profit.

The dearth of half-penny pieces, or pieces value 2½ cents, in Holland, has caused a new class of merchant to spring into existence, namely, the half-penny merchant, writes an Amsterdam correspondent. The scarcity of the coin in question has been caused by the widespread movement of the automatic gas meter, into which the Dutch housewife puts her half-pence. In the Netherlands, the half-penny piece is the largest copper coin made, hence it is being used for the gas meters and automatic machines generally. The Dutch mint does nothing to ease the scarcity, with the result that slowly but surely the half-penny is disappearing from use among the general public. The dealers in these coins sell them at the rate of 1 penny premium for every twenty coins, or 10 per cent profit.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Dog's Fault.

(From the Chicago Post.)

"It's getting so a man can't keep a dog around the house any more," commented the dog owner bitterly after reading the rules and regulations for dog days.

"O, yes, he can—if he keeps him around the house," was the reply. "The trouble is dogs are too often kept on the streets or in the neighbor's yards."

A YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER.

The Remarkable Phenomenon That Occurred in 1816.

The Unaccountable Temperature During the Season of "Eighteen Hundred and Starve to Death"—Ice and Desolation in June and July.

There are few persons now living who recollect the year 1816, but European and American data represent it as having been phenomenal in almost every particular.

In New England the year went by the name of "eighteen hundred and starve to death," and the summer months are known as history as "the cold summer of 1816," so remarkable was the temperature.

The sun's rays seemed to be destitute of heat and all nature was clad in sable hue. Men and women became frightened, and imagined that the fire in the sun was being rapidly extinguished and that the world would soon come to an end.

Ministers took the phenomena for the text of their sermons, and pseudo-scientific men talked of things they knew not of, while fanatics took advantage of the occasion to form religious organizations.

The winter of 1815-16 was very cold in Europe but comparatively mild in this country, and did not in any way indicate the severe weather that soon prevailed.

Even the almanacs were silent and, although the usual indications "about now look out for cold weather," or "this is a good time for snow," were entered in the regular portions of the books devoted to the winter predictions, those used for chronicling the pleasanter months had no such alarming warnings.

January was mild, so much so that for days the people allowed their fires to go out, as artificial heat made the buildings uncomfortably warm. This pleasant weather was broken by a severe cold snap in February, but this low temperature passed in a few days and a warmer condition, similar to the month previous, set in.

March "came in like a lion but went out like a lamb." There was nothing unusual in the climatic conditions of the month which differed from those generally found in this windy season.

April was the advance guard of this strange freak in temperature. The early days were warm and bright, but as the month drew to a close the cold increased until it ended in ice and snow and a very low temperature.

To those who delighted in balmy May days and loved to watch the budding flowers, the May of 1816 was a bitter disappointment. True, buds came, but so did the frost, and in one night laid all vegetation a blackened waste.

Corn was killed, and the fields had to be made ready for another planting, but the people's astonishment was complete when they found ice formed to the thickness of half an inch in the pools.

June, "the month of roses," was this year a month of ice and desolation. The "oldest inhabitant" was surprised, for never before had the thermometer sunk so low in the tube in these latitudes in the last month of spring.

Frost, ice, and snow were common. Almost every green thing that had taken advantage of a few warm days to develop was killed, and various kinds of fruit were nearly all destroyed.

One day the beautiful snow fell to a depth of ten inches in Vermont, seven inches in Maine, and three inches in Massachusetts and Central New York.

Matters were beginning to be interesting. People were undecided whether to spend the summer in the South or at the seashore and mountains. One day the latter resorts were desirable, and the next would decide in favor of the former, but, on the whole, the Southern clime was preferred.

July was accompanied by frost and ice, and those who celebrated the glorious Fourth, "not wisely but too well," found an abundance of ice handy for immediate use the next morning. It was not very thick, not more than one-sixteenth of an inch, but it was ice, and it caused the good people of New England, New York, and some sections of Pennsylvania to look grave. That month Indian corn was destroped in all but the most favored locations, and but a small quantity escaped.

Surely August would put an end to such cold weather, but the farmers as well as hotel proprietors were doomed to disappointment. The midsummer month was, if possible, more cheerless than the days already passed. Ice formed even thicker than it had done the month before, and corn was so badly frozen that it was cut for fodder, and almost every green plant in this country as well as in Europe was frozen.

Papers received from England stated that the year 1816 would be remembered by the generation then living as a year in which there was no summer.

What little corn ripened in the unexposed States was worth almost its weight in silver, and farmers were compelled to provide themselves with corn grown in 1815 for the seed they used in the spring of 1817. This seed never cost so much, being difficult to get, even at $5 per bushel.

The last month of summer was ushered in bright and warm, and for two weeks the now almost frozen people began to thaw out. It was the mildest weather of the year, but just as the inhabitants got fairly to appreciate it old Boreas and Jack Frost came along and whitened and hardened everything in their path.

On the 16th ice formed a quarter of an inch thick, and winter clothing that had been laid away for a few days was again brought forth and wrapped round shivering humanity.

By this time the people had given up all hopes of again seeing the flowers bloom or hearing the birds sing and began to prepare for a hard winter.

October kept up the reputation of its predecessors, as there was scarcely a day that the thermometer registered higher than 30 degrees.

November also was extremely cold and sleighing was good the first week of the month, but, strange to relate, December was the mildest and most comfortable month of the entire year, a condition which led many people to believe that the seasons had changed about.

Of course, this cold spell sent breadstuffs to an unheard of price, and it was impossible to obtain for table use many of the common vegetables, as they were required for seed.

Flour sold in 1817 in the cities for $13 per barrel, and the average price of wheat in England was 97 shillings per quarter.—Boston Globe.

Reviving the Snake Editor.

(From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

There was a time when the snake editor filled an important niche on the editorial staff of each well regulated family journal. But of late years he has fallen from his once eminent estate. Those journals that still employ snake editors combine their duties with others that quite eclipse the snaky side of their calling. But now it really seems as if it might be necessary to resurrect these experts. Snake romances are coming in with such a rapidity and in such novel guises that it requires an adept to assort, and arrange, and edit them.

Too Natural.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

"The trouble with your society novel, my dear young woman," the publisher said, handing the manuscript back to her, "is that the conversations are too stupid. They are evidently taken from real life."